

# GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.

Life consists in the alternate process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

Sacrifice being the essential basis of virtue, the most meritorious virtues are those which are acquired with the greatest effort.

It is the cultivation of the moral side of our natures that has given to our people as a nation their great strength and grand strides.

Without God you may compel, but not persuade; you may become tyrants in your turn, but you can not educators or apostles.—Massini.

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women and some children, much more by listening than by talking.

A nobleness and elevation of mind, together with firmness of constitution, gives lustre and dignity to the aspect, and makes the soul, as it were, shine through the body.

Life history is not poetry; it consists mainly of little things, rarely illuminated by flashes of great heroism, rarely broken by great danger or demanding great exertions.

To keep him at a distance from falsehood, and cunning, which has always a broad mixture of falsehood, this is the fittest preparation of a child of wisdom.—Locke.

Tis one thing when a person of true merit is drawn as like as we can; and another when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature that 'tis his own likeness.

It's uncharitable, unchristian, and inhuman, to pass a peremptory sentence of condemnation upon a tried friend, where there is any room left for a more favorable judgment.—L'Estrange.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it forever.—Lawrence Sterne.

The human race is but a monotonous affair. Most of them labor the greater part of their time for mere subsistence; and the scanty portion of freedom which remains to them so troubles them that they use every exertion to get rid of it. Oh, the destiny of man!—Goethe.

Piety practiced in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven and delight the unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendors of beneficence.—Dr. Johnson.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## THE GREAT ATONEMENT.

Given through the Mediumship of Helen Marien Walton.

In reviewing this important question of the ages, whose platitudes and dissensions have been handed down to the present epoch of church history, as a fundamental fact of Christianity, and whose future acceptance must be made more in accord with the intelligence of the race in a more perfect understanding of what the word means in the order of universal progress in the world.

The idea or doctrine of an atonement for sin, seems to have come into the world, in its remotest history, for every people of the past, whether civilized or pagan, from Caiphas down to Calvin, and until the present, have followed in the line of making sin offerings of many or one, as victims to propitiate an avenging power in the universe in which human sacrifices by most solemn rites in rude temples, in classic groves, or Druid stones, in humid caves by the blinding idolatry of ignorance, were holocausts of victims piled, whose mortal sufferings were supposed to appease the wrath of an imaginary being fashioned much after themselves, having motives, and human propensities, whose tributary offerings must be brutal as themselves to be accepted as an atonement for them.

Thus by teaching and practice, it came to be understood that there was some sort of an affinity with themselves in this unknown being, requiring the same kind of propitiations for offenses against the law of human justice, as was allowed to become established, or could be brought to bear on the benighted minds of such a period of time; yet as progress advanced, men grew into a higher conception of a supreme ruler, giving rise to a higher order of teaching, which in its time produced men of better ability, who afterward became as gods to the masses that worshiped them for what they themselves looked and in blind faith followed in sincere trust that in time led to more peaceful and divine lives in others.

Even in the early time of Jewish history, when man seemed to be lifted out of the sight of heathen worship into a clearer vision of a future life, the idea of a scapegoat for their sin remained; the errors of past teachings clung to their souls, as the ceremonies of the grave cling to decaying bodies that have no further use for them; yet they still held fast to the idea of an atonement, as the moss clings to the tree that it afterward destroys; so when it was passing through the periods of Jewish history, it became modified by a more humane measure; by the use of beasts and the more innocent animal life; all things tending to the belief that the God of the Jews was a man of war, delighting in blood and the smoke of the burning kine. But the people in time grew away from a Jehovah, whose worshipers paid only the tribute they would have given to each other had they been permitted to do for their offenses against each other; and even the faithful Abraham in his idolatrous soul was moved to offer up Isaac as the most precious sacrifice that could be to appease the pretended wrath of his great Jehovah. This event being symbolical of a real sacrifice of God's only beloved son for the sins of his people.

Was Moses then symbolic as a teacher and expounder of the law said to be delivered on Mount Sinai, who as a man, seemed to be more feared than loved, by the mythical-seeking followers of his time, and greatly misunderstood by his successors until to-day; but when the great science of occultism shall reveal itself fully to the world, then the Hebrew nation will be looked upon as the treasure house of the past, in its mysteries of the holy of holies containing its interior secrets hidden from the world. Until then, they must be content to be remembered as the open-eared, gaping wonder seekers of their own creed, whose tendency has ever been the isolation of these peculiar people from the outside world, and whose stubborn precepts have courted persecution, thereby scattering them through every land as domestic drudgers en masse; they never became tillers of the soil, and no proletarian colony of this people seems to exist in known lands. They follow the law of progeniture, are ever the petty traffickers of cities, and the cent per cent of their dealings, points to the colossal Rothschilds,

and other houses of exchange, whose office finds itself in the measuring out of shekels on national security of extravagant governments, whose final settlements they think means the return of the twelve lost tribes of Israel, and the restoration to Jerusalem, a rebuilding of Solomon's temple, composed of precious stones and holy relics, of which each soul then living, shall add his brightest jewel, his brightest gem; hence have they the same passion, always for gathering rare jewels that they possess, and for gathering money. Let none say that this is demoralizing or savor of greed, for none can charge the Jews with immorality as citizens, or with ignorance as a people; but let it never be forgotten that the Jewish religion stands and ever has stood, as an invulnerable barrier to progress, which must fall down, and if there be purpose in their unchangeable opinions of the centuries, that too must have an end, for the future abides only in the truth, and when its shout of victory goes up, all barriers must fall as did the walls of Jerico, before the army of the Lord, and in its fall will be blotted out of memory the old heathen God of the Jews.

It is said by philosophers and others, that there must be a vestige of truth in a doctrine or creed that has outlived the centuries, but in this fallacy of an atonement for sin, lives not a single fragment of truth any more than that the earth stood still while the sun rolled around its orbit, and did not that mistake fall to pieces underneath the fact that Gallilio established the revolution of our Earth around the sun, and yet how long had the former belief existed, been accepted and taught, while its believers ignorantly imagined that if the earth revolved around the sun, all its inhabitants would surely fall off its surface; but you may search the planet Earth in vain to find now a class that disbelieves the earth revolves around the sun.

It is not in the order of the divine Father that the human mind should stand still when everything in the universe moves on, hence it came to pass that even in the early days of Jewish history, now and then some prophet arose whose hand pointed to a diviner ministry than the blood of man, a beast, like unto the king of Salem, and in mysterious words told of an inner worship of a higher kinship with the Almighty mind, his soul reached out of the night into a brighter day he prophesied of the great High Priest of the ages, the Christ principle that should do away with the fancies and mummuries of the past, foretelling that when this kingdom should come, and the chosen of the Lord should hear, "behold thou art a priest forever without beginning or end of days, after the order of Melchisadec." Could words more plainly imply than these that this great high priest was not a man or woman, but the eternal Christ principle of the ages, that is ever abiding, lives eternally in the Heavens, and in the earth as well; toward which all souls cleave in the working out of his own salvation by man himself. This Christ is not a man, as has been said, but an infinite fullness of love, pity and tender charity that prevades all space, dwells in every human soul, is the light spoken of by St. John that lights every man that is born into the world, and hence is the only true atonement that man can lay hold of and rest in.

Jesus of Nazareth was a man, the same as another having a superabundance of the Christ principle, and he thereby became the type and great exponent of its endowments, living in all the meekness and grace of his calling, not making an atonement for other men's sins, but becoming living compendium wherein was written and personified the fullness of his office, and by whose tragic death was closed every other order of priesthood but that which insures salvation of man by himself.

Herein is the great atonement verified through the grace of the profound mysteries revealed to each soul as the bearer of the salvation inherent in every body born of woman, the soul being the atoning Christ for every one,—hence no blood of man or beast can cleanse the soul from itself, for what is clean needs not a baptism. Nothing appertaining to life becomes unclean but the body, and what is there that is not purified by fire? and as there always burns in the human body the fires of eternal light, life and love, doth not even the body become pure at death by virtue of its own functions of sacred re-incarnation of its forces into different forms of life in infinite space.

Dearly beloved, every soul is saved be-

fore it dwells in the human body, because it is a spark of the one eternal, invisible and incontrovertible fact of the whole of all things, hence needs no atonement, saviors or helps from any source; hence lives forever with God and man as a part of both. What means it then in this day of knowledge, that men talk about the salvation of the soul as if the great over-soul needed washing? Can snow become whiter than itself? The divine first cause is not a sheep to be cleaned, or a lamb to be slain, and the supposed possibility of such a need is blasphemy; and if the life of man needs atonement for mistakes, there is justification by good work. If, in his daily life the Christ principle grows dim from his environments and he do evil for evil sake, then it is pitiable but not hopeless, and he needs to be saved from himself, but charge not God with mistakes, or the soul with malice, for all souls are white whether in the body or out of it, and when in the mortal, bides its time in the body waiting for the hour when its light can again shine and illumine the chambers of its house, the body; obeys its law, whether before what is called death or afterward, for the record of life through the soul, goes on regardless of the body, even after it becomes dust and mixes in universal atoms of the planet Earth.

Hence there is ever hope for man, and the sure progress of the human soul follows its laws of sacred paternity, stands by its inheritance, and at death gathers within what is called spirit, which means the second sphere, the body being the first, the soul then being the third; thus the second sphere is the real life, or deeds of the body, and it is the spirit or second sphere, that has to deal with its conscious individuality, and the inheritance that it has laid up while in the body. The spirit becomes individualized when released from the body, and remaining in its own consciousness, remembers its earth-life, for the God of every one is his soul within the spirit even as in life, and his thought is either pleasant or disagreeable, just as he has wrought while in the body, and it is the office of the soul within the spirit to bring the whole into the divine law of its own being to suffer or enjoy just what it has builded while in earthly life, and no more or less until the further development into higher life in the eternal spheres of being has been wrought.

The only atonement, then, that is possible for man, is for him to live on earth so as to bring the vexed discords of life in himself into uniformity with his own soul, and thus bringing his spirit into a perfect oneness with the higher over-soul of all being, by trying to obtain something of the infinite fullness of the everlasting truth; and when one has so lived and so died to himself, he will be able to recognize the meaning of that saying of the Nazarene, "and all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them," for had not the disciples accepted the Christ principle through its greatest representative, the Man of God, and by it, let every one understand that his spirit may so royal stand in the infinitude of its being, as to claim kinship to the great over-soul, both on earth as well as in the realms of eternal day, and by that same tie can his spirit descend, untouched by evil, into the lower hells of spirit or mortal life, to bless with supernal light those dark abodes, lifting those ignorant of knowledge into higher conditions, and like the Master, "preaching to the spirits in prison," becoming saviors to those who sit in darkness, by teaching them that no atonement is possible except that which they themselves accomplish by bringing their own spirits into the perfect law of eternal love, into a complete oneness with God and his holy angels.

That error, whose meaning is sin against the perfection of law, all times history corroborates, is, and ever has been universal, but that error has place in the realm of eternal truth, is a question readily settled, for what companionship hath light with darkness, or Christ with Beliel, because its domain of evil can have no unitizing with the good and the true, for nothing remains but good after passing both through the irrefragable tube of God's unfailing chemistry of all law, whether natural or divine, hence all error and false doctrine must pass away in the future possibilities of the race, and the time is not afar when the accepted atonement of the churches will be set aside as one of the old dogmas of an ecclesiastical assumption, and the question will be in every heart, on every

tongue of layman or clergy will be, not how can a man be saved when he die, but how can a man live so as to become his own savior, by finding out the spiritual law of his being, as well as the natural law that if a man put his finger in the fire it will be burned, and if his friend lay down his life in pity for that finger it will not cease to pain; so, like children, man must not only be told by his teachers not to put his hand in the fire at all, and by experience and precept the future race will learn the wisdom of avoiding sin and all uncleanness, because of the evil it will bring on his future life.

The great Atonement then said to be has been wrought out by Jesus, the Son of God, in which the cross of the crucified one is held before the living and the dying eyes, shall have no meaning or place in the future. The present time presages of the dawn of a higher revelation, a grander panacea for erring mortals, when the race shall know of a truth that the oft told story of a cruel death caused by the ignorant many centuries ago, when was slain the world's great teacher, our elder brother, demonstrates nothing but the barbarisms of an age, and was a fact that can never be repeated again on the earth, or its mistakes produced as proof of the infallibility of a creed that gives no evidence in the past that is for a moment binding on the unshackled limbs of the present great church of God, humanity, above whose wide-open doors is writ one of the wise sayings of the dear Nazarine, "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God that he hath not seen."

It is evident that the ancient fallacy of an atonement must perish along with the thousands of decaying creeds and doctrines fastened on posterity by ecclesiastic hierarchies which are fast disappearing before the myriads of intelligent Christians in this and other lands, and now only a fraction of professed believers in Christianity follow the thought that one man's death could atone for all the sins in a universe of sinners. To believe this were to charge the great over-soul with inability to govern the souls of men without the aid of a scapegoat to bear the load in an awful Gethsemane of pain.

Forbid it, great Heavens, that man should carry this load of injustice longer down the centuries of time and belittle the Almighty, infinite mind by supposing subterfuges that would be unworthy the finite. Stand forth in all thy majesty and love, thou holy Christ principle; that shall redeem the world, give comfort to the sorrowful, and joy to the desolate. This finite beauty of holiness, which is arising once more, is becoming visible to the world, its triumphant march will blot out the creeds of effete churches, and the memory thereof. They shall stand forward, the men and women of the new; then will the blest, the memory of the great army of the crucified ones whose testimony for truth will be remembered by the coming people, whose understanding of the sacred scriptures of every age, whose pigmy revelations of "thus saith the Lord" in the past will seem but the driveling of idiots, and those whose travail of soul was in bloody footprints, yet whose steadfast hearts looked into the great Sanhedrin of their own wise men and took courage and fought valiantly for truth and will stand forever as landmarks for the coming people, grand mile-stones of progress to mark the periods when such and such a journey was made in overcoming the night of ignorance and the horrors of human brutality.

Dearly beloved to whom my words shall come, take courage and be strong for truth is mighty and will prevail, and if your efforts seem to be slow do not despair for the light is very near your earth. The churches feel and see it, they are striving with the new. Soon the church will fall and freedom for the world will come for both soul and body. My soul is enlarged for your sakes, I see the flashes of gladness from the great white throne, and the everlasting cherubim do hide their faces from the glory of the divine presence, that hath not form nor yet a face, but whose brightness no mortal may behold or immortal understand, from whose central light comes all blessings, mercy and peace, and whose unworthy messenger, am I, to give this message, which is but imperfect as this instrument is the chosen of my guides, but to whom I render thanks and give gratitude for the willingness of heart in her office and through whom I also send greeting to my friends in earth life.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Our Inheritance.

BY CLARENCE CHACE.

Of the ultimate glory of our future abiding place, we can have no adequate conception. Those unto whom the windows of heaven have been opened, tell us of the beauties that never grow old in the house of the shining ones; and to such as come back from the beautiful portals, we listen eagerly for news from paradise. Whatever of hope and gladness may reach us from the shores of the invisible, we feel sure of one thing: there is life—eternal life; and life that cannot cease to be, must somehow and somewhere be worth the living.

Life is not merely existence; not merely the rolling by of years or the centuries. To us who believe in the hereafter, who wait for the glory that is to be, life means progression infinitely prolonged and expanded. The possibility of going on, and on, and on, forever, makes life worth the living, even to such as grope in the valley of darkness, wandering among the shadows of utter hopelessness.

It is sweet to think of the future life with all its grand possibilities; it is sweet to contemplate the glory of the unrevealed in the heavenly hereafter; but the sweetest is somewhat saddened and the glory somewhat dimmed when we turn from the future to the present life. When we look away from the brightness for a moment, how much more appalling seems the gloom, how deep the shadows, how desolate the night. To know that there is one human creature drifting on this human sea without compass or chart and utterly indifferent to either; a creature upon whose clouded intellect no ray of light has ever shone; into whose soul no ray of love, no ray of hope, no ray of gladness has ever entered; a creature born in iniquity and brought up in shame, the foredoomed offspring of passion, the child of unholy desire—to know that such a creature exists in this beautiful world of ours, and that to his misery and wretchedness is added the misery and wretchedness of thousands and tens of thousands more, not less unfortunate, causes the heart to grow sick and the mind to revolt at the seeming injustice and cruelty of fate, or nature, or divine law, or whatever we may choose to call that inexorable influence or powers which disposes of all things.

If this life was to end it all, and suffering was to terminate at death, the case would seem less hopeless; but when we reflect that in accordance with natural law there can be no immediate escape from the consequences of such a blighted life; that years of suffering must elapse before hope can reach the hopeless, before light can penetrate the deep gloom of their miserable surroundings; when we reflect that a being brought into this world with all the accumulated moral filth and degradation of parental debauchery, to which is added the burden of generations of ancestral wickedness, on whom is concentrated all the slime and ooze of this moral pool of conception—when we reflect that such a being cannot hope for deliverance in death, cannot find even the poor refuge of utter annihilation, but is doomed by the inexorable law of cause and effect, to endure centuries of pain perhaps before the sunlight of glory shall dawn upon him—it does seem that cruelty, not justice, is the law of the universe.

Let there be a brighter side even to such a dark picture. If in a life of three-score years we could only remember one single minute of suffering, would we mourn over that single minute? What would be sixty seconds of pain, in sixty years of freedom from it? Would we not rather laugh at our pain if we remembered it at all? And so, in the centuries and cycles of centuries that shall roll on forever, may not the period of suffering however prolonged appear as but a moment in a lifetime—a swing of the pendulum in a hundred years?

If in the life beyond one were doomed for ages to tread the gloomy labyrinth of doubt and uncertainty; to stumble wearily along the rugged and uneven way through the long night of despair, when at last the dawning glory pierced the darkness, as at last it must—would not its brightness then appear much more resplendent than if he had always looked upon it? It seems to me the hill-tops of the beautiful would radiate a grander beauty, and the golden clouds that tremble on the verge of dawn would shed a higher glory because the soul so purified through suffering must needs reflect the grander beauty and the higher glory, for suffering often stirs the hidden depths which gladness never reaches.

And thus the soul in whom the furnace fires have burned out all the dross, at last may find sweet compensation in the deeper draughts of living water, in the fuller inspiration of the infinite atmosphere, in the grander, holier appreciation of the beautiful, the eternal; and thus the centuries of pain may serve to open wide the gates of glory and the helpless, hopeless ones, though far behind those less unfortunate, may yet live more of life and reach the shining goal as soon.

But on a road that has no ending, there can be no race for preference; on a highway where every milestone bears the inscription "Onward Forever," there can be no overreaching, no crowding, no struggle for place—there is room for all. And the goal is infinity toward which the

finite is ever tending, ever stretching out the hand and never grasping.

Oh, it is a blessed thought that we of the finite can never reach the infinite; that we can journey on for ages over sea and land and still find sea and land beyond us; that we can delve deep down among the hidden mines of mystery, and yet find deeper mines still unexplored; that we can soar aloft above the clouds, above the stars and still find other stars above us. And this, we trust, is our inheritance, the ultimate birth-right of the world, the final reward for uprightness and the compensation for suffering.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## THE TRUE CHRIST.

BY ALLEN GRIFFITHS, P.T.

Man is the noblest work of life  
In all extending space;  
The King and Lord in might of right  
Of Nature's wide embrace—

Erect, god-like, he treads the earth  
In very regal state,

Nor, does he quail at voice or breath  
Of e'en relentless fate.

Within the spell of Great One's minds  
Burns a mystical light;

The lustre of spirit beams aglow  
And shines in very might

Of greatness, sublime, supreme;

And lesser minds behold—

As if it were a very dream—

This beacon light, this soul—

And, in their narrow states confined,

Envolved in a cloud,

They ascribe to this man of mind

Attributes of a God;

Miracles and wonders they see

In many things he does—

"This man's a God, a Deity,

He is a very Christ."

No Christ were born

If, by that birth,

There came a son

Unlike the rest of earth

In that he was of maid-conceived

By God.

The man of old,

Inspired of tongue,

The One foretold,

By angel praises sung

Of yore,

Is but a myth;

A legend of the past;

A broken, swaying reed—

The latest and the last

Grand, fabled mystery—

Christ lived, indeed,

Endarkened man to bless;

Christ came to lead

From greater sin to less;

To alleviate distress,

Dispel life's bitterness.

And plant the star of hope

In every human breast.

Christ struck the chords that bind a world

In sympathy and love,

With hands as strong and firm of hold

As e'er did man before;

The vibrations of his touch divine

Stir every human heart,

Of every land, of every clime,

Alike in every part.

The mind and heart of this Great One

Were attuned in sympathy:

Purity, Love, Truth and Wisdom

Blended in sweet symphony—

The jangled chords of love unstrung,

The mangled sounds of self—

Ne'er marred the music of his tongue,

Nor jarred its harmony.

His Song of Love was Nature's Song,

A grand, appealing hymn,

In which the multitudes of earth

Could join and be akin—

Each heart and soul was tuned anew,

Each disenthralled and free

And born again to greater life

Than e'er they dreamed to be.

The miracles ascribed to Christ,

If founded well in fact,

Were but the evidence, safe-assured,

Of knowledge held intact;

Knowledge, whose deep and hidden source

He, self-taught, knew the head,

And shed the light about his course

That others might be led.

Christ, himself, was a prophecy

Of the highest type of man;

The combination and unity,

The fulfillment of the plan

Conceived by the Almighty One,

In time lost and forgot,

That should crown the imperial dome

Of all completed work.

When shall this prophecy be fulfilled?

When dawn the glorious day

When man shall be redeemed and filled

With a sense of his destiny?

PASSION must lie in the grave of desire;

UNSELFISHNESS rise from the purging fire;

AMBITION take flight for the regions of night;

LOVE soar on the golden wings of light;

PRIDE kneel with reverent humility;

AVARICE, abject no more shall be;

LIBERTY, with her arms of JUSTICE and

MERCY, shall aye and ever rule the land.

Tho' the world was dark when this light dawned,

This star of lustre great,

The Eastern sky was not forewarned

Of it coming through her gate—

The darkness must be deep, indeed,

Else would the star be lost—

So, God supplies His every need

From out His ample store.

But ne'er majestic Law,

In all the plan of God,

Ee's sought confederate flaw

To perpetrate a fraud,

The Good and True of ages past;

Alike, were born of God,

And will be till the very last

The path of life hath trod,

The lofty ones of earth,

Who lead the multitudes aright;

Who light the lowly hearth;

Who sway a nation's arm of might,

And by the Arts of Peace

Suppress the selfish aims of men;

Bid sanguine wars to cease,

And mercenary nations tend

To pure and virtuous roads,

In themselves are true Gods.

Men think most of the immediate

the present; and rightly their calling be

ing to do and to work. Woman, on the

other hand, more of how things hang

together in life; and that rightly, too, be

cause their destiny—the destiny of their

finite is ever tending, ever stretching out

the hand and never grasping.

Oh, it is a blessed thought that we of

the finite can never reach the infinite;

that we can journey on for ages over sea

and land and still find sea and land beyond

us; that we can delve deep down among

the hidden mines of mystery, and yet find

deeper mines still unexplored; that we

can soar aloft above the clouds, above the

stars and still find other stars above us.

And this, we trust, is our inheritance, the

ultimate birth-right of the world, the final

reward for uprightness and the compensation

for suffering.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motives

to the smallest duty, and the most

infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Nothing can be accomplished without labor,

and with it nothing is too difficult.

Let every young

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## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Child mediumship, of which San Francisco and Oakland present several instances, ought to convince any reasoning mind, however skeptical, of the essential truths of Spiritualism. It is not in the nature of undeveloped childhood to simulate the trance, or talk in language far above their years, as these children frequently do.

Who lives for earthly pleasure and gratification alone, with appetites and passions unbridled, cannot surely realize that he is dragging down into the mire of his own lower nature, the royal standard of true manhood. Life is too short to live unworthily or unwisely. No one can afford to be profligate of time. And yet how many there are who become bankrupt in health and in character, before they have reached the meridian of their years. A few years hence, and how vain will seem all things that beguile the spirit into ignoble ways.

If Elizabeth Beecher Hooker, one of the purest and best of women, can go before the public and uphold the claims of Spiritualism, as she has recently done, is she not entitled to quite as much respect as Parson Gibson, or DeWitt Talmadge? Are not the opinions of Profs. Crooks, Wallace and Varley, quite as worthy of consideration as those of the average newspaper reporter, who knows no more of the psychal subjects to which those savants devoted years of research, than does the Hottentot of logarithms? This is a queer world, when ignorance can enthroned itself over reason, and knowledge be crowded aside by stupidity.

All manifestations of nature must be the expression of Thought, the thought of an Infinite Mind, just as invention, art, poetry, etc., are the expressions of human or mortal mind. There is no method in chance, no harmony in chaos, and yet we recognize both method and harmony, in the manifestations of nature. The crystal, with its delicate groupings of atoms, the flower with its beautiful arrangement of stamens and petals, the construction of the planets, of systems of suns and constellations, all express method, harmony and thought. Whence comes these expressions of thought? Let him answer, who denies the existence of a Supreme Being.

The storm and the tempest, the lightning's vivid flash, the fierce commotion of the elements, all have their uses in the natural world, to purify the air, and clear the sky of clouds. We breathe more freely when the storm is past. The earth seems cleaner, the birds sing with a sweeter melody, the air is fragrant with the new fresh breath of flowers. So is it with the storms that at times sweep over the human spirit. If we but bow to the blast, we shall rise again in greater strength, and life will have a clearer and brighter outlook than ever before. If that which seems to be an affliction is accepted in the right spirit, it then becomes as a refining fire, burning away the dross and impurities of our natures, and leaving in the crucible of life the pure gold of the spirit. Poverty, sickness and misfortune—all are blessings in disguise, if we but learn to accept them as such.

Prejudice is a terrible bar to spiritual growth. We know a good mediumistic lady, who would, in the privacy of her own home, dearly delight to permit her loved ones on the spirit shore to come near to her, but is positively forbidden by her husband to enjoy communion therewith. This same husband, when their little five-year-old daughter was languishing on a bed of mortal sickness, declared that he would prefer that she never recover, than to be cured by Spiritual Science. And now in his childless home, he still nurses his bitter enmity toward those gentle and benign influences, those loving ones, who, in sorrow, are made to turn away from his heart and home. Ah, what tears he may yet shed in this life, what agony of spirit he may endure in the next, for this stubbornness of unreasoning purpose; only the pitying angels may know.

Old Theology, thou distorter of the truth, thou murderer of helpless babes, what crimes hast thou not to answer for!

The gift of mediumship ennobles or degrades its possessor just in proportion as the latter exercises it for the good of humanity, or for his own selfish advantage. In the latter case he unwillingly yokes himself with all the selfishness of the universe, and undeveloped and mischievous spirits are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity to practice their mischief through him. But if his beautiful gift is ennobled with a sincere desire for the good of others, and a subordination of self to the higher aspirations of the spirit, it then becomes a "savor of life unto life" to the world. Spiritualism needs more of this kind of mediumship. It is the kind that links the mortal to the angel, and calls forth the purest and holiest joys and emotions of the soul.

The state of one's own spiritual unfoldment is invariably determined by one's expressed thoughts of others. If one thinks kindly and speaks kindly of others, no matter how great or many their failings may be, it is a sure indication of a beautiful spirit. Such an one sees only the good there is in their neighbors—for there is good in all. The worst person living has some good traits—some virtues, that commend themselves to the good, and which such souls invariably recognize, and are ever ready to encourage and uphold. On the other hand, there are those who seemingly take delight in the shortcomings and weaknesses of their fellow beings—to whom an unsavory scandal is a "sweet morsel under the tongue," which they will repeat with an unctuous that is truly painful to the highly unfolded spirit. Blessed and beautiful is the man or woman who thinks no ill.

The glad Christmas time! the time for generous deeds—for the exercise of the better humanities! How the iron nature glows and bends in the white heat of the divine thought of a living Christ. Strip the idea of all supernaturalism; make him simply and naturally the son of Joseph and Mary; call the story, if you will, a romance, a myth of the past, and yet the Christ idea remains, and ever will remain, to call forth the best, and the sweetest in human nature. It is then we recognize to a degree, the brotherhood of man—that we are all children of a common Father, who never wears in his love for us, or in the bestowing of his bounties. The beautiful Angel of Charity, all mantled with the smile of God, walks forth in these glad Christmas days, into the byways of life, carrying joy and comfort to the hearts and homes of the poor. Even the poor unfortunate within prison bars opens the wicket of his cell to bid the Divine Guest to enter in. We glory in the spirit of "peace on earth good will to man," which the celebration of the birth of the Christ-child ever brings to the race.

## THE DARK SIDE.

There is a very beautiful and bright side to this worldly existence, and the most wretched and desolate of mortals get a glimpse of it at times; but to them it is but a rift in the clouds, that never quite disperse from their life's sky. It is the kind look or smile from a congenial soul that passes one in the throng, and never knows what it did. The principal cause of human wretchedness here, is lack of sympathetic companionship; association with those who understand you and whom you understand; a giving and returning of those subtle elements that go to round out the whole being. The flowers grow side by side, in what we suppose a common atmosphere, but they each attract and appropriate very different elements from the air, earth and sunshine, and they are all fair and radiant because only natural laws govern their being.

The human family dwell together in one sense, but in the better and truer sense they stand each apart and alone. Artificial rules isolate strangers, permitting them to meet only on frigidly polite grounds, when they may more truly know each other at first sight than two who have dwelt for years beneath the same roof. Hearts break with carrying weights of sorrow and grief that can be shared with no one, because the one who would understand may not be told. On the other side there are eyes that see those darkened lives; hearts from whose depths rise kindness and affection, but it is never expressed, and each new grave adds to the awful burden of regret that fills the world for words withheld that would have gladdened the existence of one no longer in our midst. We each know what we might have done when we stand beside the narrow couch and the silent form whose closed eyes shall never more plead for tenderness; whose feet shall no more journey along the thorny path marked out by mortal blindness. In the land of souls all shall see and be seen just as they are, and each will have its own, for the law of heaven is the law of correspondence and eternal fitness.

SPIRITUALISM.—A friend in the country "would like to know if there is much Spiritualism in Boston." We do not know exactly, but we presume there is if we may judge from the fact that last Sunday's Herald contained no less than thirteen notices of Spiritual meetings held on that day! This seems to show considerable liveliness. One of the lecturers, Mrs. Colby Luther, is called "the female Ingersoll." She is a woman of ability, Liberal in her views, fearless and independent in her attacks on theology, and is blessed with so powerful a voice that she keeps all her hearers wide awake.—*Boston Investigator*, December 19th.

Thirteen Spiritualist meetings in one day in Boston! Surely, the people of that city do not seem to take much stock in Maggie Fox's "big toe."

## TRUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

When one condition of a class is continued long enough, that class conforming with its limitations or privileges, becomes stamped with characteristics that soon come to be considered inherent to it. Men are born to all the liberties of this age, and always have been; women are coming to be so born, and since their sphere of work and usefulness has enlarged, the world is learning that it has been working single-handed; that women differ not so much from men in talents and endurance and capacity, and that by enslaving them as simply mothers and housekeepers, it is only half as far advanced in any direction as it might have been. Masculine power, perception and wisdom will go on to a certain degree, then things come to a standstill in this moral and social world; if not a standstill, something worse—a retrogression. We believe that degree of masculine power has been attained, since it is now insufficient to cope with the gigantic evils that are sapping the vitality of the country's producers by making "corners" and trusts" of their yearly harvests, thus raising the price three or four fold over our market rates. Woman is intuitive and far-seeing, and had she a voice in making our laws, such evils would have been foisted, for human nature is an open book to her, and she knows by experience, that the strong are ever seeking to oppress the weak, and that no easier channel exists than that of our soil's abundant products. But men allow the evil to go on through nearly two administrations, with but feeble protest.

The liquor traffic is only sanctioned by men. The social evil is another man-made institution, and in fact they are responsible for all the crime and immorality that exists. We do not say that all men are thus responsible, but that to a certain class of men, all these wrongs can be traced. Men are bad because they have not shared their public councils with women; women are weak only because they have not been permitted to cultivate their natural strength of character, but which will yet revolutionize the world, and people it with men so lofty in sentiment, and pure in morals, that its inhabitants of the seventh sphere might come among us and forget that this fabled-lost Paradise ever existed, even in imagination. The evils that now exist, will be as the memory of troubled dreams, leaving no taint in their passing away.

## THE NEW.

The old earth is set to a plaintive minor key that even amid the jubilations of its children keep up a low dirge of sorrow, for we are ever passing away from its scenes, whether in laughter or tears we spend our abiding time. In change and death we do but live, but all severing from the old is sad because we know not the new. The old may be full of errors and blunders, but we are acquainted with them, and think they might be worse. While the new inspires hope for better things we know not what it may bring of obstacles to overcome in attaining higher ground. Young minds are given to making new resolutions for each coming year; but as they grow in experience with themselves they at last grow to think that it is better not to make promises than to break them; that just to go on from day to day, keeping and doing as near right as is possible under the circumstances, gives one a better opinion of self than repeated failure to keep a series of resolutions. These are good when made respecting the dead, but applied to living units are hampering and lead to temptation, in as much as all forbidden things are tempting. The year, 1888, is going out with a greater and more appalling record of casualty and crime than any one preceding it. But at the end of it the nation held its usual festival of praise and thanksgiving, because, doubtless, there were those spared to tell the awful tale of suffering and death to 1889. So in the greater calamities that have ever befallen mankind, there has always been some mitigating circumstance to cause thankfulness. The violent freaks and disturbances of nature man may not control; but if he controlled the evil elements and tendencies of his own nature, two-thirds of the ills and griefs of his life would cease to be. The power to work evil is just as potent for good, and when the New Year dawns, that finds each one doing some good for his brother man, all coming time will find him doing better, and at last he will do his best and be happy.

SUMMERLAND MATTERS.—Mr. H. L. Williams returned to Santa Barbara last Sunday to spend the holidays with his family. He will return to San Francisco the first week in January for a short time, to execute deeds, when it is to be hoped there will be a very general closing out of contracts. This does not refer to those with whom special bargains have been made for lots. Mr. Williams is in a hurry to get through, as he wants to commence at once to arrange for bringing water upon the grounds. He also intends to erect several cottages at Summerland immediately. There is a good supply of lumber in Santa Barbara, which, we are assured, the railroad company will deliver on the ground for \$5.00 per carload. There is no railroad station or switch at Summerland yet, but there are both at Ortega station, a half mile below. A station will be located at Summerland, at the point indicated on the map, as soon as the railroad people can see the necessity for it. As Mr. Williams gave the railroad company the right of way through his ranch for nearly two miles, they will hardly refuse him the favor, especially when it is for their interest to do so.

TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.—A fund composed of ten-cent contributions is now being raised to assist the cheap publications of the "Theosophical Publication Society of London," (International), and of *The Path*. These publications are not confined to purely theosophical subjects, but range from spiritual to material topics. They aim to show the unity underlying the universe, and the spiritual identity or brotherhood of all being. Numbers have been issued twice

monthly, at private expense, for \$1.25 a year, and help is needed to meet future expenses. Some of the numbers are on the "Keely Force," "Elementals," "Practical Occultism," "Matter versus Force," "Re-incarnation," etc. Interested persons are invited to send contributions of ten cents (or more if desired), to Mrs. J. C. Ver Planck, Wayne, Delaware county, Penn. Endorsements found in *The Path* and *Lucifer*, for October, 1888. Subscriptions also invited; friendly papers please copy.

## COMMON WITCHCRAFT.

There is a man in Dempseytown, Penn., Jerry Prichard by name, who has brought complaint against some of his neighbors who he says have bewitched him. "He would make affidavit that said neighbors stood beside him while he was at work and by some peculiar power deprived him of the strength to perform any labor. Said that these people had troubled him so much in that way that they had absorbed about all his strength and left him helpless to attend to his farm work; for this he wanted to bring suit for damages." The world is full of people suffering from the same trouble, and until modern Spiritualism becomes a Philosophy, no one could explain it by other means than witchcraft. But now we know it is simply magnetic power, magnetism that does not blend with one's own, and hence causes physical disturbance, and after violent illness, yes, and even death, if this sufferer cannot escape from the persons who thus unconsciously afflict him or her. Inharmony between individuals of the same family is very often due to the same cause. It puts two persons wider apart in the same house than width of two oceans could. And on the contrary, two continents cannot separate those magnetically attached. Magnetism is either life or death, and when all learn its power much of human suffering will be relieved. The world is growing slowly wiser on many vital questions and this is one of them.

## CHRISTMAS MEETINGS IN SAN DIEGO.

On Sunday, December 23rd, in spite of the rain and mud which prevailed in San Diego and its neighborhood, the meetings of the First Spiritual Society were very largely attended by a most intelligent class of visitors. W. J. Colville lectured in Grange Hall, National City, at 11 A. M., and in Lafayette Hall, Seventh and D Streets, San Diego, at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M. His afternoon discourse was on "The New Messiah and His Herald Angels." The evening lecture was on "The Gates Ajar and The Gates Wide Open," both were pronounced masterly efforts. On Christmas Eve an entertainment was given at the Southwest Institute by a fine corps of artists; between the parts of the program, W. J. Colville gave an address on Dickens' "Christmas Carol." On Christmas day at 10:30 A. M., in Lafayette Hall, a magnificent service of sacred song was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Henri Fairweather, who are exceedingly able and effective artists. W. J. Colville gave a Christmas lecture and poem. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather gave selections from "Pirates of Penzance" and "Mikado" in costume. Miss Hattie Johnson recited, Mrs. Carey-Harold declaimed, Professor Denison rendered a violin solo, W. J. Colville sang ballads and gave a fine poem. On Sunday, December 30th, he takes his leave of San Diego and will lecture there at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M., and in National City at 11 A. M. He speaks in Los Angeles December 31st, also January 1st and 2nd, and will be in San Francisco January 4th. All letters etc. should be addressed, 205 McAllister Street.

## COLVILLE RECEPTION.

The following program has been arranged for Mr. Colville's reception at Irving Hall, Friday evening, January 4, 1889, to which all are cordially invited:

## PART FIRST:

Introductory Address ..... Hon. Amos Adams  
Words of Welcome ..... Josephine R. Wilson  
Responses ..... W. J. Colville  
Del Sarte Tableau ..... Mattie Hughes  
Song ..... W. J. Colville  
Recitation, "The Painter of Seville," ..... Mrs. Flagg  
Piano Solo, Polonaise, (Chopin) ..... Miss Kittie Lange

## PART SECOND:

Impromptu Poem ..... W. J. Colville  
(Subject chosen by the audience.)  
Song, "The Song that Reached My Heart," ..... Miss Alice Goff  
Recitation and Tableaux, "Sister and I," Mattie P. Owen  
Assisted by Dr. Nellie Beight and Mrs. D. N. Thorpe  
Song ..... Marie Fries-Bishop  
Corno Solo, "Minerva Polka," ..... R. H. Whiting  
Recitation (in costume), "The Vagabonds," ..... Mrs. M. J. Bradley  
Song, "Christmas Bells," ..... W. J. Colville

SPIRITUAL MEETING.—The People's Spiritual Meeting gave a full and interesting program last Sunday evening. T. J. Stayner, of Philadelphia addressed the meeting on the subject of "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism." He gave abundance of proof of ancient and Biblical Spiritualism, Moses being the first independent slate-writer found in history, being the man that carried the slate way up on the top of Mount Sinai and there in darkness amid thundering and lightning, got his slate full on both sides. So we discover it is not a new invention of modern Spiritualism, that communications from the spirit-world were given on slates or tables of stone as they were then called. Mrs. D. N. Place gave numerous tests from the platform, all being recognized. She is really one among the best of our platform test mediums, and the more spirits use her as a medium through which to communicate, the easier and more full is the intelligence given. On next Sunday evening it is expected that Judge Swift will address the meeting on the subject of "Spiritualism Sifted." It will doubtless be made interesting to all believers, doubters, and skeptics. The platform will also be occupied by the best test mediums.

John Slater, the eccentric psychic wonder, is still attracting large audiences at Metropolitan Temple Sunday afternoons and evenings. He is a truly wonderful instrument for the invisibles.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Bro. J. E. Coenoer, a spiritualist lecturer, from Portland, Oregon, called on us, on Wednesday last, on his way to Los Angeles, where he intends to engage in the work of extending a knowledge of our facts and philosophy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Smith of Santa Maria, have been visiting friends in this city for the past week. Mrs. Smith is what is known as a "trumpet medium," and is the best for that phase we have ever seen. She will leave in a day or two for her home, but hopes to come and make a longer stay soon.

—Mrs. Fred Evans, writing from Brisbane, Australia, says: "The people are not like our good Californians. Women here seem to be kept at home by their husbands, and are not allowed the freedom of women in America. In all the meetings you will scarcely see a woman's face, only a lot of skeptical, hard, stubborn-headed men."

—An excellent program has been provided for the Watch-Meeting at Bancroft Building on New Year's eve. A variety of song, instrumental pieces and recitations will be given by all performers. Everything has been provided for the spending of a very pleasant evening. The room should be crowded. We have some tickets for sale. Price, 25 cents.

—W. J. Colville will lecture in Masonic Hall, 29 S. Spring street, Los Angeles, December 31st, and January 1st, at 7:45 P. M.; also January 1st and 2d, at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Stanzberg will sing, Admission, 10 cents. These will be W. J. Colville's only appearances in Los Angeles this season as his engagement in San Francisco extending five months commences immediately.

—The alleged medium Briggs, who has been stopping for some weeks past in Santa Barbara, left the town a few days ago in disgrace, after a drunken spree. He had rented a furnished house which he misused shamefully, and did other outrageous things. He seems to be an utterly shameless character, one whose mediumship, if he possesses any, is a harm to the cause of Spiritualism.

—Our office walls have been enriched, during the past week, with a life-size crayon bust of our noble friend and fellow-worker, Hon. I. C. Steele, one of the Directors of the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company; also a fine portrait of that grand soul, now in spirit-life, Hon. Selden J. Finney—all the work of that accomplished artist, Dr. Albert Morton. Others of our Board of Trustees are yet to be heard from!

—Lew Emmons, of Nevada City, one of God's noble, untiring men, passed on to the higher life, November 28th. He was a carpenter by trade, and as he was erecting his last piece of work was taken with a severe cold which ended his life. The old citizens will miss his voice, as it was always proclaiming his belief, and gave many hungry souls food. His character was above reproach, and in all relations in life he commanded the respect of all. He spoke very beautifully to his attending physician assuring him he was not afraid to die. He had positive proof of the beautiful beyond and calmly went to sleep.

—Mrs. May Mozart's illustrated lectures have proved a decided success. She has delivered them in several of the largest churches in this city, to full houses. These lectures are illustrated by pictures twenty feet square, and mostly made up of her personal observations gained while studying the various objects of interest abroad. Mrs. Mozart is a fine inspirational speaker, well versed in science and philosophy. She contemplates a tour through Southern California, and societies would do well to engage her for a series of lectures. Her next lecture in this city will be for the Y. M. C. A., at their hall on Sutter street, January 1, 1889.

—Dr. Morrison I. Swift, formerly Fellow of Johns Hopkins University, will deliver a lecture at Spencer's Music Hall, Bancroft Building, 721 Market Street, Saturday, December 29th, under the auspices of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union. Subject, The Philanthropic Work Known as "The New York University Settlement, and the Project for University Extension Lectures." The lecture will describe and discuss

## Letter from Fred Evans.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:  
The last letter you received from me found me just settling down to business. On Sept. 29th I gave the Press of Brisbane a chance to investigate the claims of Spiritualism through the tests of independent slate writing, etc. Three reporters represented the *Courier*, three the *Telegraph*, two the *Figaro*, two the *Observer*, and two the *Southern World*, some of them bringing their friends, which occupied the whole day. The slates taken away by the reporters numbered about thirty-four, filled with messages; also about ten by other persons. The *Courier*, after giving three columns, tried to ridicule the phenomenon, but admitted its inability to explain it away. The *Telegraph* gave two columns in about the same vein, one of the reporters stating that he thought he could detect in it what might have been an influence of thoughts passing in his mind whilst the writing was in progress; also admitting that he had no other semblance of a theory as to the reason for what he had witnessed. The *Figaro* brought a closed book slate with several pages, and got writing within, and to use their own words, "If Mr. Evans placed it there he must have been marvellously smart," and admitting that they came there as detectives with the full intention of proving me a fraud if it were possible. The *Southern World* gives nearly two columns to its report, and after stating their experience, closes with the following remarks: "Investigation alone can solve the vexed question and intricate problem. Those who are contented to pose as if only able to see this phenomena from the standpoint of materialism and the gross trickery of legerdemain, simply write themselves, by so doing, as fools or blind, or 'durned idiots,' for everything done by this medium is so plain and above board, without any pretense or effort whatever to disguise or conceal, that it is actually impossible to account for the phenomena, save by some of the obscure and mostly ignored laws of the occult world, that is, psychology. Such as consent to view it pretentiously, otherwise, let themselves down immensely by so doing, and not at all those they are making a show of criticising."

The *Psychic Notes* says, in a review of the slate writing occurring in my presence: "From the facts we and others have observed, we maintain that the phenomena of psychography occurring here in the presence of Fred Evans have been thoroughly proved to be the work of unseen forces."

Naturally these newspaper reports caused no little sensation in Brisbane, which was increased by the following offer being made by a gentleman who had previously had a sitting with me, and who had written an article to the *Courier*, in reply to the flippant manner in which they had treated the idea that spirits could come back and write between slates, or that they could come back at all: "I have occupied so much space on criticising our own medium [the editor of the *Courier*] that I fear to trespass further by giving a relation of my own experiences with Fred Evans. But should you desire it I will place it at your disposal in the meanwhile. I wish to announce that I will give \$100 to any person (and there is now a celebrated conjurer here in Brisbane) who will, under the same conditions produce similar writing to that produced through Mr. Evans, excluding the spiritualistic hypothesis, and afterwards satisfactorily showing that it is done by sleight of hand; and if the above reward is not sufficient, I believe I can have it increased to \$500, after communicating with a few of my friends." The *Courier*, dated Oct. 4th, contained an acceptance of the challenge by the conjurer mentioned, Professor Canaris.

The particulars of the acceptance, which are given at length, we condense into a few words. Said "Professor," finding that he was not to be permitted to handle the slates (the conditions under which Mr. Evans proposed to produce the writing), squarely backed out. That is the point where all jugglery has to stand back.—ED. G. G.]

This put a stop to this mountebank's cavilling, and I have given sittings to many of the best persons here. Among the investigators are men who hold the highest civil and governmental positions. I find it very exhausting to give sittings here. All are stubborn, skeptic and will not admit any such thing as conditions. Very few have read anything about the laws governing spirit manifestations, and they determine their own conditions and will admit of no other way of presenting the phenomena to them. Of course, spiritual phenomena, especially physical, is comparatively new here in Queensland, and therefore I have had to fight every inch of the way through unbroken ground. There are very few Spiritualists in Brisbane that are outspoken. You can almost count them on the fingers of your two hands. But what few there are, are not afraid to acknowledge it. Among our most earnest workers are Geo. Smith, Samuel Smith, Wm. Widdop, Joshua Bailey and a few others.

If I were to class the phenomena occurring in my presence by any other name than Spiritualism, I could have made any amount of money and friends. But I am glad to say that "John Gray" has fitted himself to the new condition of things and continues to give skeptics lots to think about. On Wednesday, that day, at the

request of the Psychological Society, I gave a seance in their room in the *Courier* building, on the evening of Oct. 24th, to about forty members of the Society. The slates were cleaned, sealed and held in the hands of A. Ranniger, Esq., and H. Phippard, Esq., two public men and members of the above Society, the seance being strictly for members only. The *Courier* and *Observer* of Oct. 25th gave a very fair notice of the seance.

The following is from the Brisbane *Courier* of said date:

"A special meeting of the members of the Psychological Society was held last night in the *Courier* Hall, for the purpose of holding a slate-writing seance with Mr. Evans. Mr. P. R. Gordon, Vice President, occupied the chair, and called upon Henry Burton to make a few prefatory remarks, and to introduce Mr. Evans to the audience. About forty members were present, and great interest was taken in the proceedings. Mr. A. Ranniger and Mr. Phippard were chosen as a committee to scrutinize and impose test conditions on behalf of the sitters. Four small slates were cleaned by Mr. Evans, and examined by these gentlemen, after which they held them in pairs, and sealed them together. Mr. Phippard held one pair, and Mr. Ranniger the other, each of them standing on one side of Mr. Evans. All the sitters were then requested to join hands. This was done, and about fifteen minutes afterwards the order was given to loose hands, when the seals were broken and the slates opened. It was found that one of the slates contained thirty closely written messages, and the other six messages done in colors round the edges of the slate, and a portrait drawn in the middle. The members appeared highly satisfied with the results, and the name attached to nearly every message was recognized by some individual present."

The slate containing the messages was engraved and published in *Psychic Notes*, a copy of which you will receive by this mail.

I had a singular experience the other day in psychography. Judge Paul of the Circuit Court, a resident of Brisbane, had two seances for slate writing with me. At the first seance he wished me to try the experiment of allowing him to hold a single slate in his hand in the full light of the sun, and requested the spirit friends to write on the slate in his hand while being suspended edgewise between his finger and thumb. After holding it in that manner for about a half minute we both received a shock, and to my surprise the slate was written full, signed by the full name of the Judge's mother. At the second seance the exact colors were transferred from the Judge's colored Japanese fan on to the slate, and even used as a means of writing him a message. The slate and fan are now in the possession of Judge Paul of Brisbane.

On Sunday, Oct. 28th, I met with a severe accident whilst riding over the Enoggera Range, along a steep and narrow trail, the ground being soft through a heavy rain and thunderstorm the night before. The ground gave away under the horse's feet, and in trying to jump off to save myself from being rolled upon by the horse, I fell on my spine, causing a concussion and giving me a nervous shock which kept me abed for three weeks. But I hope to be able to commence work again next week. I expect to leave here for Melbourne after Christmas, where I expect to have an easier and more harmonious field to work in.

I am glad to hear that the dear, old GOLDEN GATE has been regilded by having such a pleasant change of quarters. My wife joins with me in sending kind wishes to all friends in dear, old California. I conclusion I must thank our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. Phippard, and their sister, Miss Sadgrome, for their tender nursing during my affliction; also Mr. Geo. Smith for his unselfish labors in the cause of Spiritualism in a city where there is so much opposition.

Yours fraternally,  
FRED EVANS.  
BRISBANE, Queensland, Nov. 22, 1888.

## New Spiritualist Society.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

DEAR SIR: Will you allow me to state through the columns of your extensively read paper, that a new society of Spiritualists has been organized here under the name of the Religio-Harmonial Society, with F. P. Baker as President, Milo Norton as Secretary, and A. H. Slayton as Treasurer. It is our desire to put ourselves in correspondence with lecturers and mediums of all kinds who go backwards and forwards between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, with a view of making engagements to stop here and lecture, or give such other exhibitions of Spiritual power as the medium may desire. Mrs. S. R. Stevens, formerly of your city, will occupy the platform until further arrangements are made.

Enclosed, please find one dollar for which send your paper for such length of time as it will pay for.

Yours truly, F. P. BAKER, President.

TOPEKA, Kansas, Dec. 21, 1888.

## A VISION OF THE OLD AND NEW.

"I was in the slumber of the night—  
That solemn time, that mystic state—  
When, from its loftiest signal height,  
My soul overlooked the realm of Fate,  
And read the writing on the wall,  
That prophesies of things to be,  
And heard strange voices rise and fall  
Like murmur from a distant sea.

The world below me throbbed and rolled  
In all its glory, pride and shame,  
Its lust for power, its greed for gold,  
Its flitting lights that man calls fame,  
And from their long and deep repose,  
In memory and page sublime,  
The ancient races round me rose  
Like phantoms from the tombs of Time.

I saw the Alpine torrents press  
To Tiber with their snow-white foam,  
And prowling in the wilderness  
The wolf that suckled infant Rome;  
But wieder than the mountain flood  
That plunged upon its downward way,  
The soul of man went forth to slay.

Kingdoms to quick existence sprang,  
Each thirsting for another's gore,  
The din of war incessant rang,  
And signs of hate each forehead wore,  
All nations bore the mark of Cain,  
And only knew the law of might;  
They lived and strove for selfish gain  
And perished like the dreams of night.

I woke; and slept, and dreamed once more,—  
And, from a continent's white crest,  
I heard two oceans seethe and roar,  
Along vast land by nature blest;  
All races mingled at my feet,  
With noise and strange confusion rise,  
And Old World projects—incomplete—  
Seemed maddened with a new-found life.

The thirst for human blood had waned;  
But boldly seated on the throne,  
The grasping god of Mammon reigned,  
And claimed Earth's product for his own.  
He gathered all that toilers made,  
To fill his vaults with wealth untold.  
The sunlight, water, air and shade;  
Paid tribute to his greed for gold.

He humbly paid his vows to God,  
While agents gathered rents and dues,  
He ruled the nation with a nod,  
And bribed the pulpit with the pews;  
And over all the regal form  
Of Freedom towered, unseen by him,  
And eagles poised above the storm  
That draped the far horizon's rim.  
At length, the distant thunder spoke  
In deep and threatening accents; then  
The long roll of the earthquake woke  
From sleep a hundred million men.

I woke; and slept, and dreamed again:  
A softened glory filled the air,  
The morning flooded land and main,  
And Peace was brooding everywhere;  
From sea to sea the song was known  
That only God's own children know,  
Whose notes, by angel voices sown,  
Took root two thousand years ago.

No more the wandering feet had need  
Of priestly guides to Paradise,  
And banished was the iron creed  
That measured God by man's device;  
No more the high cathedral dome  
Was reared to tell His honors by,  
For Christ was throned in every home,  
And shone from every human eye.

No longer did the beast control  
And make the spirit desolate;  
No more the poor man's struggling soul  
Sank down before the wheel of Fate;  
And pestilence could not draw near,  
Nor war and crime be felt or seen—  
As flames, that lap the withered spear,  
Expire before the living green.

And all of this shall come to pass—  
For God is Love, and Love shall reign,  
Though nations first dissolve like grass  
Before the fire that sweeps the plain;  
And men shall cease to lift their gaze  
To seek Him in the far-off blue,  
But live the Truth their lips now praise  
And in their lives His life renew.

There yet shall rise beneath the sky,  
Un vexed by narrow greed for gold,  
A race whose practice shall deny  
The heartless creed—"Each for himself."  
There is no half or compromise  
Between the ways all life has trod—  
'Tis downward, with the brute that dies,  
Or upward, with the sons of God.

JAMES G. CLARK, in *The Housekeeper* for January.

PYTHIAN CASTLE MEETINGS.—The Conference on Sunday last at 909 Market, at 11 A. M., was interesting as usual. An address was read by Mr. Sutton entitled "Why Don't God Kill the Devil," remarks by Mr. Hyde and Mrs. Hendy. The latter gave a verse appropriate to each one in the audience. The evening meeting at 7:30, was a grand success. Music on the violin by a French classic teacher, Miss Cook, pianist, and Mrs. Rutter vocalist, and by Miss Alice Maud Henshell, who played the organ grandly while deeply entranced. Rev. Henshell and Walter Hyde gave interesting discourses. To-morrow similar meetings will be had at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., in the same place. Miss Henshell will play under deep spirit control the organ and piano at 11 A. M. Usual speaking and music in the evening, and tests by Mrs. N. D. Place, a platform medium. The public invited free to both meetings, trusting to the liberality of the audience to defray expenses.

Fraternity Hall.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday, at Fraternity Hall, corner Seventh and Peralta streets, to hold their usual exercises. In the afternoon we had the Christmas-tree for the Lyceum. The children entertained the audience which was large, with recitations, songs and tableaux; all received presents and seemed well satisfied with them. Mrs. Cowell gave a short address to the children and all seemed well satisfied with the proceedings. In the evening Mr. Colby gave a lecture, also Mrs. Cowell gave an invocation. Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan also occupied the platform in giving tests, all of which were recognized.

Next Sunday evening we will give our home social for the benefit of the Association. A number of friends have promised their assistance, Mr. Colby has also promised to be with us and do what he can.

There are many echoes in the world and but few voices.—Goethe.

We cordially invite all friends to come and visit us and investigate for themselves.

Wishing you success in your work. I remain,

Yours fraternally,  
MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

## Correction.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Just a few words to correct a slight error that appeared as a paragraph in your GOLDEN GATE of Sept. 1st. I allude to the one in which you say that

"As an indication of the interest taken in psychic phenomena by the progressive thinkers of Australia, they raised by subscription the sum of \$500 dollars," etc., for Fred Evans. Now, Australia is a very large place, and Brisbane is only comparatively a small town in Queensland, one of the colonies of Australia. There are many much larger cities in Australia. Melbourne in Victoria, Sydney in New South Wales, Adelaide in South Australia, etc., none of which had anything to do with bringing Mr. Evans over here, and so, as the whole of the money was collected in Brisbane alone, it is hardly fair that all Australia should be credited with the generous action of a few individuals here, who, however, are quite willing to allow all these other parts of Australia to benefit by their action in bringing Mr. Evans here, for it is almost safe to affirm that neither of the other cities mentioned could or would have offered the same inducement to Mr. Evans to come. It is not the first time this younger city has led the way in similar matters and given the others a lesson in progression. We are small in number but a compact body of progressive thinkers. We possess Free Thought, Psychological and Theosophical Societies, and have taken steps towards "Nationalism" far in advance of the other colonies. We are exceedingly sorry as to meet with such an illness just when things promised so well, and I am quite sure his present illness was quite unpreventable even apart from the accident. It seemed to have been growing upon him for some time. He is rather too anxious to get well too quick so as to get to work again, but it would be better if he would take time to get thoroughly strong again before he recommended, as he has a large field before him here in Australia, and though feeling disappointed with his unexpected bad luck at the start, he will in the end have no cause to regret my invitation to visit Australia, and by the good he will have accomplished, I know I shall be more than repaid for what little I have done to bring about the desired result. I have sent you copies of *Psychic Notes*. With best regards to Mrs. Owen and all friends believe me

Yours fraternally,

GEO. SMITH.

BRISBANE, 115 Queen street, Queensland, Australia, Nov. 25, 1888.

Ill-humor resembles indolence; it is natural to us; but if once we have courage to exert ourselves, we find our work run fresh from our hands, and we experience in the activity from which we shrank a real enjoyment.—Goethe.

## WHO IS THIS MARVELOUS MAN, DR. A. B. DOBSON?

This question has been asked by many. The following letter will throw some light on the question:

DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa—Dear Doctor:—Your remedies and picture received all right. I have been using your remedies for two weeks, and thank God, I am getting well.

For five months I was confined to my bed, unable to turn over without assistance; but since taking your remedies I can sit up to have my bed made. I had been given up to die. The doctors said consumption had set in, and I had my burial clothes made, but thanks to you and the good spirits, I will not need them yet.

I did not believe in spirits or Spiritualism, but I do now.

I am gaining so fast that the neighbors can hardly believe it is myself.

I have sent you a great many patients, and will send many more.

I had twenty calls on Monday to see your picture, and to see if I was really gaining as fast as reported. They don't know what to make of it, as they were all expecting me to die. They all say, "Surely, this is a miracle. Who is this man that can work such wonders?" and many more such questions. Send remedies soon, so they will reach me before this month's medicine is gone.

I wish I could tell to the sick of the whole world, what you have done for me. God bless you, truly yours,

HELEN MASON.

LONG LAKE, Hennepin Co., Minn.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes at "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

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Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the many the advanced thoughts in the book.

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## SPIRITUALIST COLONY.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in that unequalled climate of Santa Barbara; and but five miles from that most beautiful city,—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of en-

joying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where a fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE. Price, \$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc.

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VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.

VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo., pp. 159. Price, \$1, postage 5 cents extra.

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"I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many other friends, even from the old settlers whose grave-stones are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter, and their mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote as follows:

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A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington (Minn.) "Advertiser," says:

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State age, and how long you have worn glasses.

Address, B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

## Our Boston Letter.

Meetings—Psychical Society Reports and Affairs in General.

Boston has tried hard to put on a pleasant smile this "wicked weather," but the rains and the blows have upset affairs in general, and greatly affected many, if not all, of the public meetings. It is to be hoped that now the clear, cold, December days have come, that we may expect a little sunshine, and prosper accordingly.

We have nevertheless been busy in many directions, and the Independent Club has certainly shown the result of hard work in the increasing membership, and large attendance upon all lectures and public meetings. The Club has for its main purposes, the study of Spiritual Science from an unsectarian point of view; the establishing of a lecture platform, upon which all shades of opinion can be freely expressed, and the suppression of scandal—objects that should commend themselves to every Spiritualist and truth seeker in the land. On Fridays there is a short service and seance, and absent members sit at the same hour; and many reports of marvelous cures and development have resulted therefrom.

At six o'clock a bountiful supper is served, and from thence on until eleven o'clock, a fine entertainment is offered. The Sunday lectures have been of particular interest, and have received only the most favorable criticisms from the secular press. Indeed, the spiritual journals everywhere, with one exception, have been most generous in printing reports of our evening meetings. Since Mr. Colville left us, we have had Mr. Gerald Massey, the English poet-orator, who has attracted considerable attention from the outside public, and whose lectures are masterly efforts, and ought to be in every public library.

I scarcely think the Spiritualists appreciate the vast amount of good such historical and scientific efforts can do among the more thoughtful class of minds, else this profound scholar would have a hearing throughout the cities of this great country, and the voice of ignorance would be silenced by the mighty truths he is given to utter. Fortunately his lectures are in book form, and after he "has been gathered home," will be read with interest by the coming generation. "Man in search for his soul," "The Devil of Darkness" and "The Coming Religion," were the subjects treated in his lectures, and each proved to be a valuable acquisition to our already fast increasing fund of knowledge and fact.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, whose name is almost a household word, because of her association with the woman question and other reformatory movements, was next on the list, and although differing widely from all the others, attracted a peculiarly fine and aristocratic audience that was so large that it found poor accommodation in the hall, and many were unable to find standing-room even. A greater contrast to the usual speaker on the Spiritual rostrum could not be found. Mrs. Hooker has all the strong characteristics of the Beecher family. The marked features, the wonderfully expressive eyes, the tall graceful figure, all combine to mark an organization, rarely gifted. Her lectures are of the purely devotional character, full of Bible reference and deep religious form, and impressive to a degree. However interesting she is in public, it is in the drawing-room that she shines most conspicuously, as was seen at one of Mrs. Fletcher's "at homes," where she entertained for a long time the large company, with her charming conversation. She is well worthy of being the sister of America's greatest preacher and writer. The Club has thus far kept its promise to furnish food for thought. Mrs. Colby Luther follows for two Sundays, and I shall have the pleasure of bringing her for the first time before an audience, I have the honor, with the kind assistance of others, to have created. Any one wishing to learn of the Club has only to write to me at the subjoined address.

The other lecturers are moving on very well, I think. Mrs. Lillie has proven how valuable it is to have a settled speaker; and the other societies are each filling acceptably their appointed places.

A matter of more than passing interest is the yearly report of the Psychical Society, who, for a twelve-month have been trying to see if there are more "things in heaven and earth than we have dreamed of," but with very indifferent success. Why they should have hit upon Spiritualism as the only form of religion in which Psychical phenomena is to be found, is indeed a mystery to me. The Roman Catholic Church claim as great a power over the souls of the departed as even one of the brotherhood of the East, by masses and prayers they pretend to buy rest and peace for those who are gone; why not explain the truth of that claim or else explode it? The Protestant Church claim that by a process of second birth, a sinner fit only for an eternal hell, is made equal unto the saints in heaven. "How is this done?" "By the power of the Spirit," is the answer. Why not investigate this claim and settle its validity? Messrs. Moody and Sankey pretend that the Spirit of the Lord attends upon them, and show hundred converts a week as proof. Are these people deluded? Why not let the Psychical Society answer. When they began, some years ago now, they were particularly to announce that they did not

intend to have anything to do with "Spiritual mediums," but they seem now to have changed their tactics considerably since then, and have been giving special attention to a few with meager results. The report also says that a few persons outside have, through their great love for truth and justice, been collecting all the evidence they can against materializing mediums; this is said to be done at great risk to life and limb, as it is almost dangerous to "raid a medium nowadays."

It does seem strange that a society of such assuredly learned persons, cannot arrive at a definite and decisive conclusion. But by their present report, one is left quite as much in the dark as before, despite the Seybert Commissioners' report and Margaret Fox-Kane's big toe. In another year, we may learn something a little further from the society, but in the meantime, each interested individual will try and solve the question, and perhaps do for himself, out of his own experience, what long-named societies have failed to do. I am very glad, however, aye, more than grateful that the spirit of inquiry is abroad, for out of all this argument the truth is sure to come in the end.

But I fear I shall trespass too much upon your space. Yet I cannot close without wishing you and all the dear friends on the Pacific Slope every good wish for the coming year. We may not have looked into each other's eyes or joined hands, yet we are all journeying toward the same end, hoping for the same result. Let our cause, our truth, make us true friends, aye, more; brothers and sisters together. I sincerely trust the GOLDEN GATE will win in the struggle for existence, and its clear, kind face will long continue to gladden many a fireside.

Ever yours, in the cause of Humanity.  
JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.  
6 Beacon Street, BOSTON, MASS., Dec.  
14, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## The Spirit Side of Life.

[Received through the mediumship of Mrs. A. S. Brook, St. Paul, Minnesota.]

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—I come to you at this birthday as I would were I in the earthly form, and had remained by your side all the birthdays past and gone since I left your earthly sphere. I celebrate each birthday with much pleasure, for they are like a book well read and laid aside, that we may take up another. The new one may give us more pleasure than the one past; still there remains in memory, thoughts we would not forget, and as you enter into this new year of earth-life, may you feel our loving arms around you and receive encouraging words from all the loved ones who have passed on before to do loving deeds for you in the home where they have waited your coming all these years of hoping. May the hours that pass so slowly, be made brighter by the presence of your angel Edna, who is so closely linked by the chain of love to her grandpa; whose sweetest thoughts are of home and her own. She gathers flowers and wonders if her dear ones can see them were she to take them home where love is so strong. She thinks of you all, then swiftly glides to tell you "all about it" as before she passed into the beyond. She does not feel the pang of separation so keenly as older ones do, for she is surrounded by loving ones who do everything possible to add to her happiness here, and enjoy taking her to the "old home" where she never knew other than loving care and happy days. While you must pass through the coming years that will be darkened by her homeward flight, you will realize the fact that she is often with you, and you know that I am also there. You know and feel our presence and realize that we are living beings with as warm love and brighter smiles than before. Yes, dear ones, never doubt our love or presence, for we are ever ready to come at your call.

I often feel dear Kenyon, that without you here, I cannot be happy in full. All these years my love remains yours. While you are passing through experiences that are common to earth life, I am here amid flowers and sunlight. Yet a wish fills my soul to share all with you. I am not unhappy here. Oh no! but will be more content when you are with me among all the beauty of our heavenly home.

In celebrating this, your birthday, our Band have joined, and we have filled your home with flowers in great profusion and beauty, and have hung a banner with "Our Grandpa's Birthday" made of moss and daisies over your chair, and little Edna draws her willow rocker close to yours and snuggles closely to your side. In the passage to Grandma's room, we have a motto, "Nearer Home To-day Than Ever Before," and could your eyes be opened, so as to see us and all we have done, and also see the happy faces that fill your home this day, your cup of happiness would nearly overflow. Yes, my dear husband, we are happy here in your earth home, and will continue to come with loving kindness and assurance of our life in the summer home, with the joy and gladness that fills our souls in knowing that each birthday brings you nearer our home and your loved ones. Nearer your darling Edna and Adelaide.

Lovingly Yours,  
ADELAIDE KENYON.

The purest metal is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Great Ecclesiastical Conspiracy.  
Protestants and Catholics Joining Forces to Destroy Liberty.

BY JOHN R. WOLF.

There never has been a time when there was more necessity for organization of liberals of all classes on common grounds, for the repeal of laws invading the sanctity of personal rights, and to prevent further aggressions. The Doctors of Physics have dominated nearly all the State Legislatures and have already on the statute-books, laws denying us the right to employ our own physicians. A number of States have laws discriminating against mediums. All the States, save one, legally recognize the Christian God; all of them have laws enforcing the Christian Sabbath; some of them have laws punishing the blasphemy of the orthodox God; all legislative bodies are practically dominated by ecclesiasticism in that, that they dare not repeal laws or refuse to enact them, under penalty of clerical influence at the ballot-box.

And now, during the current week, a Union Convention, imposing in personnel and dimensions, will assemble in the city of Washington, under the shadow of the Capitol, backed by petitioners numbering 600,000 (reported by the press as 500,000), to demand imperatively the enforcement of the Christian Sabbath by the Government of the United States, upon all its employees, and to extend its authority on this behalf, over the States under the Interstate Commission, for regulating tolls on railroads, etc.

During last session, the Baptists held a similar convention in this city; passed resolutions, presented them before a sub-committee of the Hall of Records and openly avowed that they intend to use the secular arm to enforce their views of morality. The writer appeared on behalf of Liberals, was denied as full a hearing as allowed to the clergy; he was told by the Chairman of the Committee that there was nothing to reply to, and yet the bill was passed, while hundreds of legitimate measures got the go-by, thus working the greatest injustice.

The National Defense Association has an attorney here, who watches and does what he can to resist these encroachments but they go on all the same. And yet, there are those who insist that we shall touch the churches mildly when in conflict with their creeds and conduct.

The present convention is the most formidable array of influence yet brought to bear upon this subject. It is a union of Protestants with the open approval of high satellites of Rome, thus bringing as an initial step to concerted attack upon all liberty of thought, belief, speech and action, a union of the extremes of religious dogmas, for purposes common to all.

Step by step they are advancing and encroaching, while we palliate, tolerate and do nothing aggressively. The great danger of organization is its "inherent tendency to despots and the suppression of individuality." The only safety against this tendency is to organize to enforce individual rights in the broadest sense. We certainly ought to be able to organize for the enforcement of personal rights as against all despots, civil and ecclesiastical; as against all existing and further laws invading those rights. Each individual should be left free to his own beliefs, while the common right should be enforced at all hazards, and regardless of cost.

For years I have foreseen this state of facts, and tried to warn all Liberals of the impending danger, and with small effect. This union of all the forces, this gigantic array, is proof of the consciousness that the craft is in danger; that it is powerless through moral suasion and logic, to convince or proselyte the world. Hence the appeal to the secular power, in its dire extremity.

Ecclesiasticism is in its death throes, and it will spare nothing to maintain its power. Pilot and Herod make common cause, when the Jesus of personal rights is to be destroyed. Churches which for ages have been fighting each other to the death, and blazing brimstone damnation, are now acting in concert, for the destruction of a common enemy, which besieges their citadels of ignorance, error, prejudice, fanaticism, barbarism and despotism; and threatens their destruction.

The present convention sprung upon the public, almost without notice, backed by five million endorsers, is conclusive that a conspiracy is in existence, designed to compass God in the Constitution, to the fullest extent. Now add the fact that the purpose of the convention is endorsed by a prominent Catholic clergymen, and you have an intimation of what may be expected. I hear men say: "O, there is no danger; they cannot accomplish their object." But as I have shown before, they have already accomplished a large part of their object, and they are strong enough now to defeat any man inimical to them and elect whom they will.

Forewarned is forearmed; Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; personal rights have no guarantee whatever under the present status. They have curtailed and violated with impunity, because there is no way of legal redress.

Shall we slumber on until we are bound and powerless, or will we arise and assert our rights at the cost, if need be, of fortune and life?

They have stolen a march. We are wholly unprepared to meet this onslaught, as it should be met. The writer of this

has entered an appearance before the committee in charge, and given notice that he will insist upon the same privileges exactly, as accorded to the other side. But before this even reaches you, the hearing will be over.

I would say more upon the general subject of organization, but this is all important, and I have trespassed upon space, if not your patience.

The man who is unwilling to fight for liberty and justice, does not deserve either.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Re-incarnation.

BY OCCARIA DUNN.

So much has been said upon this subject that a few simple thoughts may seem like foam to be lost in the whirlpool of rushing waters. Still, I may be forgiven if the agitation of these same waters throw up the unsubstantial whiteness of speculative cogitation. My basic thought is that no soul can see further than its developed vision. If Jones sees a ship on his horizon, and the blue sky bounds mine, am I wise to sneer at him as a visionary? Would it not be more sensible to suppose his sight may be better than my own?

We are a trinity embracing the physical, mental and moral. So, the divine soul is a trinity, and is not truly divine until perfected in love, truth and wisdom. Love, the outgoing aspiration, truth, the incoming inspiration, and wisdom, the Divine Blossom. We love our friends, and so far we attract truth, and its consequent wisdom; but until our souls grow to take in all the world—those who injure as well as those who bless us—we may not hope to be perfect "even as our Father in heaven is perfect."

There are persons living to-day who are as positive as they remember former lives or a former life, as that they now live and remember what happened last year, or yesterday. As they could not possibly confound two such different periods, so they are sure they could not mistake the facts of a former life. Some suppose these remembrances to be impressions from incarnated minds, yet the subjects thereof distinguish between impressions and memories. What if such persons are but as one to tens of millions who have no such recollection? If worthy of credence in other matters, why not in this?

Should Jones swear he saw a thief steal my purse, yet Smith, standing by, did not see it, would we consider it very wonderful that Jones was more observant than Smith? Even were a thousand near who did not happen to see the theft, would that lesson our confidence in Jones, if he were truthful in every other respect?

So we may regard this other question, while studying the possibility and probability of the theory: First—It appears possible, because Christian science, mind cure, and metaphysical healing, all seem to demonstrate that mortals are simply mental manifestations. If this is so, there is no more wonder in being born two or five hundred times than in being born once. Second—It is probable, because no other theory so perfectly justifies God's justice.

Unless we are just what our acts have made us, why such a difference in the human race? But if the way is open for us all to be what the best are,—if we cannot sin without suffering—the sooner we master the fact, the better for each and all of us.

While we may not be able to indorse all of "Sinnett's Esoteric Buddhism," or understand the teaching of the "Tibetan Brotherhood," there may come to us enough of the law of Karma, to know that "what we sow, that we shall also reap." We also know that anything which has a beginning must have an end. As God's children we are eternal, even if our manifestations are lost.

Would we have such manifestations immortal? Is it not well that no evil can have an eternal life? Why should evil exist, if God is All-Wise and All Good? is often asked. In reply, I answer, Without the privilege of choice, we would have to be automata. Struggle gives strength, experience gives perfection. Perhaps our first was in forming the lowest matter, refining the very antipodes of spirit, rising through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, gaining in power of expression, until characteristics good and evil from the fidelity of the dog to the selfishness of the hog, from the ferocity of the butcher-bird, were developed singly, massing by degrees until merged in the animal man. There are many two-legged swine in this poor world of ours. The grasping, selfish man or woman who never stops to ask, "Is it right?" is such a one.

The pugnacious, fighting character has not yet outgrown its animal development. Bull-dog jaws are not rare in the human face, and when infused with sufficient soul-life to result in the firmness of wisdom, will be a blessing to the individualizing soul. Thus, though ages may be multiplied by ages in the growth of a God, when at last, spherized in our perfected selves, we can repeat, "And God saw that it was good."

We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

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Our City just Over the Hill.  
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Who Sang to Mary?  
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THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES OF JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Christmas Carol.

BY JULIA F. CHURCHILL.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Sweetest advent song of love;  
O'er the hale in Bethlehem,  
Sang the angel choir above.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Pealed the anthem from afar;  
"God is Love!" and yet again,  
"God's love is Light,"—proclaimed the star.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Love illuminates every soul,  
For his light which guides all men,  
Unto the spirit's perfect goal.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Taught the Christ in accents mild;  
Forgiven again, and yet again,  
Be like unto a "little child."

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Thrilling the soul's expectant ear,  
For nineteen centuries hath been  
The "Sword of Truth," to banish fear.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Hath echoed down the cycling years,  
And yet, how few its message bear,  
How many eyes are veiled in tears.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Blessed promise of the life to be;  
When Truth unfurls her diadem  
Of "Light," o'er all humanity.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Hath stirred a-new the chords of time,  
And lo! God's spirit heals, as when  
He crowned Humanity Divine.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Will vibrate on, from age to age,  
Till life unfolds her perfect gem  
Of Love immortal,—page on page.

VII, CAL., December, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## The Spirit Husband's Welcome.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Oh! the way is long and weary  
Going home,  
And the winter days are dreary  
Till you come;

Yet the misty veil is lifting,  
While the ocean gales are shifting,  
All the golden billows drifting  
With their foam.

For the husband, friend and father,  
And the guide,  
Who has journeyed as no other  
By your side.

Wand'ring now within the meadows  
Where the lily's sil'ry shadows  
Light the orphan's pale and widows  
O'er the tide.

Not the sheen of summer morning  
Might efface,  
Glow of his glad soul's adorning  
With its grace.

Soft the mountain streams are falling  
From the fountain's deep enthralling,  
And the low, sweet voices calling  
Light his face.

And I see the children meet him  
On the sands,  
As they hasten out to greet him,  
Take his hands.

While the flow of waters playing  
Weave a song of welcome, saying,  
"Enter all ye pilgrims, straying,  
Summer lands."

FRENCHTOWN, Neb., December, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## To My Little Yearling.

We greet thee, little stranger,  
On this, thy natal day;  
May thy life know less of danger  
Than of joy along its way.

While we welcome, hail and greet thee,  
Canst thou not an answer find,—  
Message sent by some immortal  
To the loved ones left behind?

From what bright, mysterious Aiden,  
Hath thy spirit stole away—  
Shed the vestments of the angels,  
Donning these of common clay?

Whence the spirit? Whither tending?  
Mystery's twin, the answer give I  
Bring'st thou not some sign or token  
That the soul shall, deathless, live?

What proof dost bring, if birth be alpha,  
Life's omega's not the end,  
That to dust for aye and ever  
All our fondest hopes must tend?

What is life and what its mission?  
What its purpose and its plan?  
Know'st thou aught, by intuition,  
Of that world beyond our ken?

Ah, my baby, thou mayst answer,  
For thy prattle's just as wise  
As the churchman's boorish wisdom  
Is of aught beyond the skies!

C. A. M.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., December, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Christmas Message.

BY CALLIE L. BONNEY.

O, radiant ones, that softly come and go,  
O'er shining path that leads from heaven to earth,  
What do ye when the Christmas bells proclaim  
The olden story of Messiah's birth?

And one, whose angel face was all aglow,  
Sweet answer sent from 'yond the starlit blue,  
When Christmas tells ring out His "peace on earth,"  
We come, dear ones, to bless and comfort you.

In spirit whisper what the soul may hear,  
If closed to Sin, and Error's earthly strife,  
Where Purity, and Truth, and Love, prevail,  
Death but the golden key that opens to Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1888.

Her Life.

She lived and labored midst the lowliest things,  
Walked at my side, and oft did fill  
The gracious hours that friendly twilight brings  
With toil, naught questioning if good or ill  
Were hers; soft labilities she crooned at eve;  
Like people's breaths falling down tenderly  
On infant eyelids that gay sports would leave  
To nestle close and sleep upon her knee.  
Her life was colorless and commonplace,  
Dewy of poetry—I thought it so,  
For I was blind, and could not see the grace  
That grew through common duties; now I know,  
Since she is gone from me and all her cares,  
I entertained an angel unaware.

—ZITELLA COKE, in "American Magazine."

## Spiritualism and Insanity.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following is from the official report of the Insane Asylum at Stockton for the years ending June 30, 1887 and 1888:

Causes of Insanity—Intemperance, 39; inherited disposition, 36; epilepsy, 17; religion, 13; secret vice, 39. The real cause is not known in 168 cases. *Not one single case* is reported in these two years as caused by Spiritualism, and yet every clergyman, who thinks it his duty to snuff out Spiritualism, keeps on repeating this stale slander that Spiritualism fills our asylums for the insane.

Why do not those who undertake to enlighten their congregations on the subject of Spiritualism make some preparation for the work and pay some regard to truth in their statements?

I have never missed attending a discourse delivered for this purpose where I was present, and have not yet heard one in which the least knowledge was betrayed of the subject under consideration.

What would the public say of a man who should undertake to deliver a lecture on astronomy or chemistry, and before he got half way through make his boast that he never went near a telescope or other astronomical instruments, or spent any time in investigating the subject, or that he never set foot inside a laboratory to demonstrate the truths of chemistry. Such a man would be hooted out of town, and yet this is just what is continually done on the subject of Spiritualism.

Of all the lectures on Spiritualism that I have attended before and since I came to see the light, not one of them has shown the least knowledge of the subject, relying wholly on bare assertion, unsupported by facts or figures.

Is not this a deliberate insult to the intelligence of an audience, and is it not about time that congregations should require their instructors to know something of a subject before undertaking to enlighten them?

If they wish to avoid the result where "the blind lead the blind," they will do so, or the "ditch" will soon be full. Before presuming to pass judgment on such a subject and to instruct an audience, a man should have a patient, honest and thorough investigation to be sure of his premises.

But does anyone know of a single instance of an "exposer of Spiritualism" doing this; of his coming down to solid work to demonstrate the truth of his statements; of his going before mediums of different phases and giving them a thorough trial? I think not.

Such a case would be an anomaly we shall never see, for anyone so doing can not fail of being convinced of the truth of spirit phenomena, and all attempting it honestly would meet the fate of President Buchanan's Kansas Governors in "border ruffian" times, sent out there to "snuff out free soil." They all became converted and turned Republicans or Douglas Democrats.

If ever a person becomes insane who has taken an active interest in Spiritualism, that ism has to bear the blame, whether it had anything to do with it or not. On the same ground should every believer in old theology, who becomes insane, be reported as made so by his belief.

In that case, what kind of a showing would statistics make? And which belief would be most likely to unseat the reason of poor troubled souls—one that would consign their loved ones who died without the correct theological belief—in cant phrase "without the hope in Christ," to an endless hell, or a belief that they were happy or on the road to happiness by the kind assistance of ministering angels and that they give us loving messages with pictures of their bright and beautiful homes.

I have lost by death (or more correctly the bright angel world has gained) my father, mother, all my brothers, sister and wives, none of whom died with any professed "hope in Christ." They were all Universalists or Unitarians, and though the best of people by the Orthodox doctrine are lost eternally, suffering never ending torments, by the Spiritualist belief they are in homes "beautiful and bright." All that tended to hold them down here has lost its power, and they are rising to a higher life with every good impulse quickened and encouraged.

"Look on this picture and then on that," and say, which leads to insanity. But there is one side to this question that statistics will never reach. The numbers saved from insanity by this cheering belief.

I think where one has had his reason unseated by such a belief, hundreds have been raised from the very depths of despair. Only a few months ago, two ladies called at my shop to get some spiritual reading—one of them in deep mourning, showing evidence of great mental suffering—but a light had broken in on her. She had received proofs that her darlings lived and had not left her entirely. On passing out, her friend lingered behind her, to say her companion within the year had lost her husband and only child. And after months of suffering this beautiful truth was all that saved her from insanity.

Within this same year I have received letters from a dear friend in the far East, who had lost brother, who was "all the world" to her. Though one of the best of men, he died "without a hope in Christ," while she was a strict Calvinist, and she has been tortured continually by the fear that he was "lost." I brought the truth of Spiritualism to her notice, having re-

ceived beautiful messages from that "lost" brother of hers and though not yet converted, her last letter on the subject says: "Oh, if I could only believe as you do, I should be much happier than I am."

That the good angels may give her that belief is my constant wish and prayer.

LEON BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, Dec. 25th.

The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was capable of being.

—Carlyle.

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dec29-1888

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

— A —

## Liver and Blood Medicine!

Through the Agency of Spirit Control, a New Remedy for Disease has been discovered in the Puget Sound country.

## MOORE'S

## REVEALED :: REMEDY!

— POSSESSES ALL THE VIRTUES —

Of those Powerful Medicines, Mercury and Quinine, with none of their evil qualities.

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